

Thos. Hartman Esq.
with the kindest regards of the Author

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AN

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF
THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

BY EDWARD DANIELL,
SURGEON.

“————— How calm his exit;
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.”

BLAIR.

A NEW EDITION.

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1827.

THE name of **RICHMOND** will ever be associated with all that is excellent in man ; no apology will therefore be needed for the intrusion of an humble tribute to his memory.

SURELY, if the achievements of the great are to be handed to posterity. blazon'd forth in all the heartless eulogism of venal scribblers, if the death of the hero or the statesman is to call forth the burst of public sympathy, some little attention should be paid to the exit of one whose heroism in the cause of sacred truth will never be surpassed—whose zeal for the salvation of man is acknowledged by all—and whose virtues will be recorded while religion and piety shall have their habitation on earth. When the pompous mausoleum shall be crumbled, and the name it records be forgotten, the “Young Cottager”'s friend, and the Good Samaritan who poured his oil and wine into the wounds of the dying “Dairyman's Daughter,” will be remembered with every feeling of affection, and the tear of heartfelt sympathy be shed over his grave.

June 1st, 1827.



THE

Grave of Richmond,



T' WAS RICHMOND'S grave, and when the good
man died,

Wisdom in sorrow hung her head and sigh'd;
And humble piety, who knew his worth,
And stampt him with her image at his birth,
Sat o'er his grave, and bade the falling tear
Drop its soft moisture and embalm his bier.

The muses wept,---and science wrapt in gloom,
Bent her fair form, and sorrow'd at his tomb ;
And Virtue clad in sable sobb'd aloud,
And spread her holy mantle for his shroud ;
While meek-eye'd Charity her infants prest
In deeper anguish to her aching breast,
Leant o'er his grave, and sorrow'd with the rest ;

But Hope sprang forward leaning with delight
On Faith, her Sister, whose soft beams of light
Inspired the group ; for on her brow was spread,
“ Peace to the living---glory to the dead.”

OH ! favor'd RICHMOND, who shall bear like thee
The joyous message to the blest and free ?

WHEN struggling life's last energies are o'er,
And nature droops to raise her head no more,
When the soul's conflict spreads a faithless gloom,
And hangs her atheist clouds around the tomb,
Thou with the lighted torch of heav'n didst shed
A hallow'd brightness o'er the dying bed ;
Dispell'd the darkness, bade the soul to rise
And rest in faith, for glory in the skies.
As when the golden windows of the west,
Proclaim the season of repose and rest,
How far more lovely are the sun's last beams,
When through a cloud its setting lustre gleams ;
So springs the soul, thro' shades that veil'd its light,
When God's own glory opens to the sight.

THE spirit burden'd and by sin oppress'd,
With guilt's dark scorpion rankling in the breast,
Finds in the world no gentle hand to heal,
No tongue to soothe, no melting heart to feel,
But chain'd, on hell's dark precipice it eyes
The black abyss, and trembles as it dies.
'T was thine to rouse it, thine to still proclaim,
Health to the sickly soul, through Jesu's name.

TOST on the surge of care by every blast,
The houseless wand'rer finds a home at last :
Thine was the hand to still the storms of woe,
To lead the vessel, bid the breeze to blow ;
To find a harbour, shelter'd, peaceful, blest,
Where it might linger, and securely rest.

ON thy mild lips what silv'ry accents hung,
How charm'd the melting magic of thy tongue,
While list'ning crowds with fervent ardour glow'd,
And press'd to drink thy wisdom as it flow'd.
The law's dread thunders it was thine to tell,
'T was thine to warn the careless soul from hell ;

'T was thine to bear the message, thine to give
The boon of mercy, that *the wretch* * might live.

THY glowing bursts of eloquence shall find,
Their living records graven on the mind,
Of all who heard them ; all who felt their power,
Shall own their influence in that awful hour,
When death shall triumph ; when affliction's sigh,
Rends the lorn bosom, melts the streaming eye,
And bids the soul in retrospection find,
Some promised good, some cordial for the mind ;
Then shall it own thy wisdom, then declare,
That God's own spirit mingled with thy prayer,
And all the gospel truths thou utter'dst there. }

BUT fond Affection wipes her tearful eye,
And sighs that one so excellent should die ;
That the wide world, with all its boasted power,
Could not suspend death's mandate for an hour ;
Nor stay the triumph of our common foe,
The deep dark source of every human woe.

* Man after the fall was called Enosh, which signifies *the wretch*

THY home deserted of its parent head,
Thy bosom friend will press the widow'd bed ;
Thy children doom'd through life's uncertain way,
To tread unguarded by thy gentle sway ;
No more to gain fresh wisdom from thy tongue,
Or list to precepts heard in life so long ;
No more to know thy guiding hand was there,
To warn their footsteps from the tempter's snare.

THY flock whom heav'n in mercy bid thee tend,
Mourn and lament their pastor's early end ;
The days gone by to them like visions seem,
And thy lov'd presence as a summer's dream ;
While all unite in solemn ardent prayer,
That one like thee may fill the vacant chair ;
Like thee may raise the brazen serpent high,
And bid the wounded gaze, nor fear to die.

BUT mourn no longer—still the throbbing breast,
For your tir'd Shepherd needs his hour of rest ;
His toil is o'er, and as the pilgrim knows,
Night is the balmy season of repose,

So death is night---the grave, a peaceful bed,
Life's labour o'er, 'tis there to rest the head ;
'Tis there pale sorrow lays her load of care,
And anguish quits her burden of despair ;
The blast blows keenly, but the shelter'd form
Feels not the angry peltings of the storm ;
The thunders roll, the lightning's awful glare
Spreads its wild terrors through the realms of air ;
It knows them not, nor heeds their potent rage,
Closed is the book of time, its varied page.

WILL infidelity proclaim 'tis all
Of life, to breathe, to wander, and to fall ?
And like the lily by the wat'ry glades,
Which grows and blooms, and in its season fades ;
Torn by the torrent from its native bed
And floating sapless, wither'd, strewn, and dead :
So man, the child of dust, a worm of clay,
A wand'ring atom through a wint'ry day,
A mere machine, an animated clod,
Form'd as the idle play-thing of a God,

Lives and expires, and in the earth's cold womb,
Ends every hope that look'd beyond the tomb,
Forbid it, heaven ! the destinies of man
Are cast more wisely, on a brighter plan ;
Once stained by sin, and sullied was the soul
A captive led at Satan's wild controul ;
The headstrong victim of its hot desires,
The slave of all unholy lust inspires ;
Now shall its own, its blest Creator spread,
A bright eternal halo round its head.
Immanuel died, and sin's proud empire fell,
God's spirit gleam'd, and broke the mystic spell ;
All nature trembled, and the veil was riven,
And man---repentant man---made heir of heaven !

How sweet the message of eternal love,
How soft the breathings of that Holy Dove,
Who whispers to the soul this pleasing strain,
Calms every surge, and stills the keenest pain ;
Points the lost sinner where his hopes may rest,
To Christ the rock, the refuge of the blest.

AND can the ling'ring spirit wish to stay
To cling to dust, and hover round its clay ?
To bear the toils, the sorrows of the world,
And cringe where satan's banners are unfurl'd ?
To quench its noble energies and die,
The friend of sin, accursed from on high ?

NOT so with me---I'd quit this cumb'rous load,
Life's idle vision, and it's dark abode,
And in the cold dank grave forget to weep,
Close every folly in death's leaden sleep ;
Bid the foul worm to revel in my dust,
If heaven be true and heaven's own God be just :
How far more lovely in his light to live,
Than bask in all the sunshine earth can give.

PEACE to the troubled breast ! this streamlet dry
The living source shall other streams supply ;
And God's own purposes, His bright design,
Can never fail while truth and mercy shine ;
And if the wounded spirit seek, t'will find
A balm to heal, a holy hand to bind :

The thirsting soul shall drink the dew that's shed,
Not from the distant channel, but the head ;
That fountain open, that eternal flood,
Bought with a price---that price a Saviour's blood.

The End.

W. Rose, Printer, Newport.

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